

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

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SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
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The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners  
and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 47

Boston, February, 1915

No. 9

The best friend the animals ever had was born among them in the stable of a village inn.

\*

It was this same Jesus whose birth the world has been so lately celebrating who claimed even for a falling sparrow the thought of God.

\*

Half a dozen Christian nations—at least they are called that—slaughtering one another by the scores of thousands through the Christmas days! There is bitter sorrow on Earth over this—ineffable must be the sorrow in Heaven.

\*

The greatness of a nation consists not so much in the number of its people or the extent of its territory as in the extent and Justice of its compassion.—Inscription on statue erected in recognition of the "gallant animals which perished in the Anglo-Boer war."

\*

The Chairman of Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., one of the largest companies of England for building the instruments of destruction used in war, capital £9,512,000, has among his other titles that of "Commander of the Order of Jesus Christ of Portugal." This is evidently not at all the same Jesus so long known as the Jesus of Galilee, and sometimes called the Prince of Peace.

\*

It was easy once to draw a line and say here the animal ends and the man begins. Just as once men said here the human begins, here the divine stops. Who knows today when the divine stops? No man. Who knows when man begins? No man. It's the man who knows most about animals who is the most puzzled as to the classification of the animal in the realm of mind and morals.

\*

Flour, other forms of food, clothing by the shipload to the sufferers from this unspeakable war. Good. But what about arms, ammunition, horses, saddles and other equipments to help make more widows and orphans and refugees to feed and clothe, these also going by shiploads from our neutral country! Inconsistent? Assuredly, but war demands all kinds of inconsistencies and generally gets them. If it doesn't find some pretext to drag us into its whirling maelstrom till our own land becomes a house of mourning we shall have everlasting cause for gratitude.

## ANIMAL NOTES FROM THE WAR

"It is horrible having to leave one's horses; it feels like leaving half oneself behind, and one feels the dual responsibility all the time."

A CAVALRY SUBALTERN.

\*

"We are up and standing to our rifles at 5 a.m. when doing this infantry work, and saddled up by 4.30 a.m. when with our horses. Our poor horses don't get their saddles off when we are in trenches.

"The dogs and cats left in the deserted villages are piteous, and the wretched inhabitants trekking away with great bundles and children in their hands."

\*

"I received a first aid outfit all right, and I hope my sisters won't be cross, as I use it for my old horse Peter, who had a nasty wound on his off hind leg.

"Thanks to the ointment he is nearly better. I would not like to lose him, as he is my best chum out here."

PRIVATE T. GREEN,

Royal Irish Lancers.

\*

"The sad sight is to see refugees flying from their farms and houses. . . . I am writing this sitting outside a deserted farm. The people have not been gone long, but they left, as they all seem to do, their pigs shut up or their dogs tied up. I've had the pigs fed here, and shall let them loose in the garden and farm if the people don't come back before I go. . . . Found some cows abandoned yesterday and today and got them milked, poor things."

—Daily Mail, November.

\*

The Animals' Guardian quotes from a letter dated September 18th:

"Who but a British officer would stop on a bridge under a tornado of shell fire to put a bullet through a poor horse's head to end its suffering? Colonel—and I rode over the awful Vailly bridge, at the rear of his regiment. The noise of shell fire was so great that we could not hear each other. He stopped, pulled out his revolver, got off, and shot a horse. Then remounted. At other moments four shells at a time had struck that bridge. Yet whilst his act of mercy was being done, not one came near it; ten seconds later it was white with shell burst. Such is life."

"A hundred yards away stands a ruined farm. The skeleton of the roof shows the rafters smashed as if they were matches. Fifty dead horses could be counted round the devastated farmstead, and the fields were strewn with the bodies of the Veurne-Amblacht cows, a milk-producing district of which Furnes and Dixmude form the centre."

FROM A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

\*

An affecting scene was reported from Belgium after the first fighting around Liege. A machine-gun dog, a worthy emulator of "Patrasche"—the dog of Flanders immortalized by "Ouida" (Louise de la Ramee) the English novelist, was wounded in the leg; at the same time one of the gunners was wounded in the face and after the battle they were seen returning. The soldier had the dog in his arms and the dog was affectionately licking the wound in his master's face.

\*

That one of those wonderful Elberfeld horses of which Maeterlinck wrote last spring, and pictures of which we published, condensing Maeterlinck's article, should have been pressed into service by Germany in this war seems incredible. Yet a cablegram to that effect and stating that this horse had been killed was received in this country last month. We doubt the truth of the message. This horse could give the cubic root of numbers running into several figures, and spell out names and words. All this in such a way that Maeterlinck said after days of investigation:

"I could not have been more astounded if I had heard the dead speak. One felt ashamed of the long injustice towards animals by human beings."

The commonest plow horse could have pulled more pounds than this horse, and yet the report says he was attached to a German battery when destroyed.

## OUR HATS OFF TO THESE FARMERS

No horses for sale at any price for war purposes is the declaration of Jefferson county, Nebraska, farmers, according to a report from Fairbury in that State. They were met there by a buyer from Kansas, who said he was willing to pay top figures for animals suited for cavalry and artillery purposes in the European war. The farmers admitted they had some horses for sale, but said they were too much attached to them to have them sent to a far-off country, probably to be killed on the battle-fields.



## Wild Animals on the Film

By ERNEST A. DENCH

**E**VERYONE interested in the welfare of animals is greatly opposed to penning up beasts of the forest and field in such artificial places as zoos. While the animals suffer but little physical cruelty by this plan of captivity it is certain that it pains them mentally. To imprison nature's creatures in any way is directly opposed to the law of mankind, no matter how good the intention may be.

There is a pretense made to mislead the animals that they are living under natural conditions, such as by introducing rocky ponds for polar bears. This, however, is but a mockery compared with their arctic home.

The animals also suffer considerable discomfort at the hands of visitors. Children often tease and overfeed them, some of the food being totally unsuitable.

And it is all these unnatural things that contribute to the number of untimely deaths.

After all, what are zoos really for? Chiefly that we may study wild animals, but this purpose is not realized since we can only do this satisfactorily by viewing them in their natural homes, where they possess perfect freedom and are not conscious that any human being is in sight.

How, then, can the long sought for problem be solved? That much the versatile motion picture is capable of accomplishing; it can, in fact, be the ideal substitute. Just think of the many times that, by its aid, we have been transported to the African jungle, the vast wastes around the North and South Poles, the American prairie and different other parts of the world. By no means the least important are the natural history films, which have afforded us as complete and natural studies of animal life as we could wish for.

### Methods of the Film Man

The men who photograph and produce them deserve great praise for the patience and resourcefulness they display. In the case of unsavory creatures like the fox the film man will place a dummy tree or cow near its den. The contrivance being hollow and with holes for observation, he can film his pictures without being seen. But prior to commencing the actual work he installs a motor in order to "break in" his quarry to the clicking of the cinematograph camera. After having made a first hand study of the habits and haunts of the animal the film man then proceeds with recording them in motion pictures.

When dealing with denizens of the jungle he varies his plan, employing the most appropriate dummy animal, and smothers himself with some vile smelling liquid. The latter is done to completely deceive the strong sense of smell the beasts have of detecting human beings in the vicinity.

Ever since the introduction of motion pictures became an organized business, producers have shown a great partiality for making use of wild animals to provide thrills for their patrons.

These beasts were usually hired from some menagerie or circus, but the motion picture companies found, as time went on, that their chief difficulty lay in accustoming the beasts to the smallness of the silent stage. The outcome of this was that several of the principal concerns established menageries of their own, so that the

animals could be especially trained for picture purposes.

One producer, the Selig Company, went even further than this. At immense cost Mr. Selig installed a wild animal farm in a Los Angeles suburb, and both himself and an expert ransacked Europe for suitable additions to the "zoo." The farm covers forty acres altogether, and here, amid tropical surroundings, the various inhabitants are allowed to roam at will in the jungle.

This is said to be the largest privately owned "zoo" in existence. The animals include forty-five lions, six leopards, six tigers, ten elephants, a pair of giraffes, and a drove of camels, to say nothing of many other specimens.

Some time ago M. Paul Bourgeois, a young Frenchman, for the purpose of supplying the smaller producing companies, set up in business as a movie menagerie owner, and collected together quite a large menagerie. All animals have to go through a course of special training before being placed at the command of any film producer.

### Patience the Rule with Trainers

The impression seems to have got abroad that the animals are subjected to great brutality and cruelty by their trainers, in order to make them play their parts in the photoplays in which they participate. No reputable producer would dream of doing such a thing, however. The dumb actors are given every consideration and kindness, for their masters realize that nothing is to be gained by torturing them.

Expert trainers are employed, and these men have strict instructions to exercise the greatest patience in tutoring the beasts. As a rule, very little trained work is required from the denizens of the forests, for pieces of meat placed out of range of the camera generally induce the results the director strives for. The "forest" is usually a closed-in portion of wooded country out in California. The plot sometimes calls for a lion to be caught in a trap, and this does not injure the animal, as it is only a mesh net. The blank shots from the "hunters" may scare them, but that is all. In fact, no director makes them go through performances such as are seen at vaudeville shows. It is the human players who do all the hard work. They make it their business beforehand to get on friendly terms with the animals.

The artists who have to play alongside the wild beasts do not relish doing so, for they have enough risks to contend with at the best of times without having the number of them increased. There are cases on record where photographers have been disfigured for life and permanently injured through the beasts revealing the savage instincts of their natures.

So you can appreciate the fact that the pictures are as true to nature as can be. My idea is this: Abolish ordinary zoos and deport all their occupants to where they rightly belong. Then replace them with motion picture zoos. From time immemorial the big cities have enjoyed the monopoly of the ordinary kind, whereas if the reformation comes to pass every small town will be able to boast of a movie zoo, containing films of all kinds of animals, birds, insects and fishes known to be in existence. At an appointed hour daily the whole collection of motion pictures would be run through for the edification of visitors, who would learn more in a few hours than a thousand visits to the ordinary zoo and at the same time find the new method the more entertaining of the two.



### CHUMS

#### THE HORSE THAT DRAWS YOUR COAL

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

I'm just a common horse that through the street,  
Day after day, toils with the coal you burn.  
Willing am I that you should feel the glow  
Of cheerful warmth within your cosy homes;—  
Ay, more than willing, glad to be of use,  
Doing my work in my own humble way.  
Yet, prithee, friends, I fain would ask of you  
To spare me from the winter's ice and snow,  
And let me minister unto your needs  
When streets are not frost-bound, nor is the way  
So fraught with danger that each onward step  
Imperils life. I cannot choose my way,  
And oft an unkind driver urges me  
Beyond the limit of my will and power.  
Up hills a human would not dare to tread  
I must essay to pass. For am I not  
Pledged by my sturdy strength to make the test  
E'en though a broken limb should wreck the load?  
So when you sit within the homes we've made  
So full of comfort by our willing aid,  
My mate and I, grant us the pledge we ask  
Of bins well filled before returns again  
The winter snow with icy sleet and rain.  
This is our plea,—ponder it well, I pray,  
A horse can ask you in no other way.

#### RELIGION AND THE CHURCH HORSE SHEDS

My name is Ginger; I stand in the second stall from the door in the Unitarian horse sheds. All the time I am in there my back is turned to the people who drive in and out, but I have learned to divide them into three classes.

First, those who drive in and out without ever knowing that there is a door to shut, even though the weather is below zero; second, and a smaller number, those who carefully shut the door when their own horse is inside, but drive away after church, leaving the door wide open on us other horses, that stay to Sunday-school; then the few, the very few, who treat us horses as they would like to be treated if tied up for several hours with only a blanket as protection.

For three winters past, no arrangements have been made for keeping snow and ice from the threshold of the north door and it has been impossible to close it during a good share of the time. I know appeals have been made—but nothing was done. Play fair with us horses—that would be religion, too.

From the Calendar of the First Congregational Church (Unitarian), Petersham, Mass.

## THE MAN AND HIS BROTHER, THE BEAST

By SARAH E. HOWARD

They are seeking our beautiful horses,  
The choicest and best of the band;  
They are taking them over the ocean  
To a battle-crazed, war-ruined land;  
They will charge with them fiercely in battle,  
They will force them their cannons to draw,  
And the pride of our farms will be murdered  
Like men, in this horrible war.

No voice have these spirited creatures  
Their rights or their wishes to plead;  
Like men they must silently suffer  
When kings fight for vengeance and greed;  
Oh, where is the power that can help them,—  
Can turn back this horror the least,  
And save from such terrible slaughter,  
The man, and his brother, the beast?

## THE HORSE TO HIS DRIVER

By MAUD SALOME CASTLE

Mr. Driver:

Do you ever take time for a minute to pet your horse, to give it a little encouragement, and hold just a little sympathetic exchange of thought with it? You do not know, perhaps, how good it would make you feel. To my mind this is about what your horse might say to you if it had the power of speech.

To my Driver:

I, your horse, am speechless, but God has put it in the heart of one who loves horses to voice my thoughts and to say to you what I might say if I could talk.

We horses are very willing animals, and ready to do our duty, and try very hard to do it, often pulling heavier loads than we are able, often getting whipped severely, and sorely cut, because it is so hard to just "get started." When we fall down, we try our best to get up but the "wood blocks" are very unsafe for us to travel on, and it is very difficult for us to gain our footing, when we have fallen. So I ask and plead with you, my driver, that you will treat me kindly if I fall this winter. Falling in these city streets makes us very nervous, so if I fall, don't get provoked with me and use impolite language or swearing, as that will not do either you or me any good, and does hurt us both. And more and worse than all it hurts God's feelings.

Now instead of that just let me rest a few minutes. It will give my nerves a little chance to quiet, and with kindness and a little coaxing, I promise you I will try my best to get up. Please don't forget that it is very hard for a horse, young or old, to regain his footing on "wood blocks," much harder, of course, for the "old" than the "young." It was a sad day for us poor horses when the city authorities allowed the "wood blocks" to be laid.

Now, my driver, I am sure you mean to be kind, way down in your heart, so just feel that our Maker has entrusted your horse to your care and keeping, and if you will just treat me kindly, and feed me well and "blanket me during the cold weather," I will do good service for you and be a grateful and happy horse.

## LIKE OWNER, LIKE STOCK

An old farmer went to the show to exhibit a favorite cow, with which he had high hopes of winning the first prize. On learning the result, and that his cow had been placed fifth, his anger knew no bounds, and, rushing into the ring, he attacked the judges.

"Why is my cow not first? What are her faults, I'd like to know?"

At this point one of the judges approached him and answered:

"Her faults, my good man, are somewhat akin to your own. She lacks good breeding."

—Catholic Advance.



THE LAST FAREWELL

## Effects of the War on Horses

Writing from northern France on the extraordinary intelligence and vigor of the wonderful horses in the war, W. Beach Thomas thus gives his impressions in the *Daily Mail*:

If war has no other virtue, it cements the friendship of men and horses.

Many of these animals know with mathematical exactness the proper interval of one gun from another. To swing the gun round at the due distance is now ingrained as an instinct and performed with the regularity of a ploughing horse when he turns at the headland of the field. If the driver, less skilful or wise in the art, attempts to bring one gun too near its neighbor, the horse takes the matter into his own hands with an Olympian disregard of bit or whip. They will not disobey the regulation for anyone.

The whole organization of the daily life of the horses is singularly human. The old idea that a wounded horse is as good as a dead horse is now quite finally exploded. They recover both health and — may one say? — *moral* very readily. Some of the old stagers are almost as capable of telling the "vets." where to probe as of instructing young gunners in the geometrics of gun emplacement. Of course most breakages are beyond remedy, but the cures among horses operated upon almost on the field of battle are amazing. However, the greatest admirer of the horse must confess to one failing which is not cured by experience in battle. The horse does not stand pain well. A great proportion of both cavalry and artillery horses have learned to endure shell fire scornfully and without wincing. The pick of those wise old horses are not more affected by the explosion of a "Jack Johnson" in their neighborhood than by the grateful thunder of their own guns which they know to be controlled by their own dear gunners.

But the horse, especially the better-bred animal, is after all more highly strung than any domestic and most wild animals. There are things he cannot endure with patience. When he is struck by bullet or shrapnel or shell the unseen injury usually fills him with a nameless terror, and his restraint is apt to vanish into sheer panic. Of course horse differs from horse as man from man. Some are brave like the Turcos, if only they may move quickly. Others have the courage of "cold blood," and will

scarcely cock an ear at a neighbor detonation which may be heard twenty miles off. But in bulk the horses that have lived through the terrors of the retreat and covered without failing the northern journey have learned war only less intelligently than their masters. They are old campaigners, who increase in physical fitness with the march of hardships, and are not to be intimidated by common things.

## BEASTS FLEE THE FIGHTING ZONES

It is reported that wild animals of all kinds are fleeing from Germany and parts of Austria, frightened by cannon and rifle shots, and entering the Swiss forests and the Alps. These include wild bears, deer of several kinds, goats, etc., as well as wild fowl, and in the lower Engadine even bears have entered the Swiss Yellowstone Park. The Swiss lakes and rivers are said to be crowded with feathered tribes, but shooting is prohibited by the authorities. Birds will have a rest before continuing their southward flight to warmer climes. A large number of wild boars from the Black Forest have entered the Jura Alps across Alsace and Lorraine, passing through the fighting armies without being noticed.

## THE ARMY HORSES

Once they ploughed the fruitful field,  
Helped the reaper gain its yield,  
Came to eve with sweet content,  
Browsing when the day was spent;  
Now they lie with mangled hide,  
Fallen in the carnage tide.

Now they wage the battle hot,  
Plunging under shell and shot;  
Bearing dealers of the death,  
Charging in the cannon's breath,  
Till in agony they hide,  
Fallen in the carnage tide.

What to them the sounding phrase  
Which excuses bloody ways?  
Honor, place or racial stem,  
Slav or Teuton, what to them,  
Torn and dead, or death denied,  
Fallen in the carnage tide?

Theirs was not the chance to say  
Words of peace to save the day.  
The Creator made them dumb—  
They who could not hush the drum  
Yet are one with those who ride,  
Fallen in the carnage tide.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.



# Siamese Elephants

PART II.

By DAVID BANKS SICKELS

Ex-United States Minister to Siam



HERE are numerous myths brought home from the Far East by "globe trotters" whose credulity is a source of wonderment and infinite amusement to the people of those lands. One of them relates to the great longevity attained by elephants, while it is claimed by some who ought to know that the average duration of human life exceeds that of the elephant. I have noticed that those which live beyond seventy are usually too infirm to be of any service, and they are often driven back into the jungle to mingle with the herds of wild elephants, where they soon die from exposure or hunger, like a bird once caged that has been released.

A native Oriental myth is that of a white elephant, as none have ever been known to exist, which fact is attested by the circumstance that an Indian Rajah once offered a large reward for one, and nobody ever came to claim the bounty. Some eminent Oriental scholars have maintained that the ancient Buddhistic manuscripts deny the sacred character of the Chang Puak (white elephant), but it is nevertheless an indisputable fact that a tradition exists amongst the common people in Burmah, Siam and Ceylon that the divine Buddha was thus reincarnated during one of the periods or cycles of his numerous transmigrations. According to one of the sacred books in the Cingalese language, Buddha was six times born a Chang Puak or "sun-spotted" elephant, but it is recorded in the Pali writings that he did not attain to the perfect state of exaltation or Nirvana, until many centuries after the material manifestation of his presence on earth in this manner. Hence in all the sacred processions of devotees to the mountain of Phra Bat, the place that bears the imprint of Buddha's foot, the elephants in the imposing cavalcades are painted or chalked white in order to convey the idea of Buddha's immaculate personality.

In the Oriental lands where elephants abound and the religion of Buddha prevails, it is considered to be almost as great a crime to kill one of these noble animals as it would be to take the life of a human being.

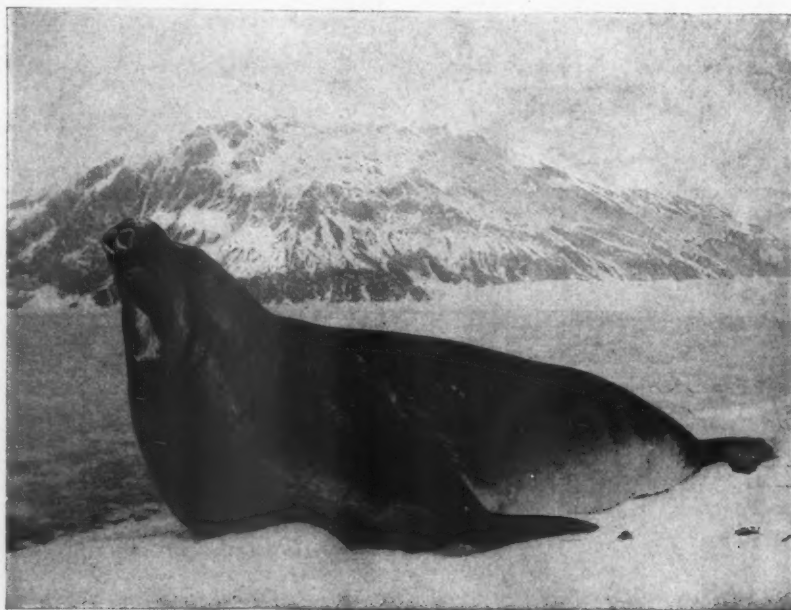
If an elephant becomes ill-tempered or unmanageable, he is seldom subjected to any corporal punishment, but is compelled to endure the torture of solitary confinement within a stockade, where after a few weeks' imprisonment he is brought back to the stables with an altered if not a penitent disposition. Sometimes, as if conscious of the impending penalty for his unruly conduct, he will resist arrest, but the contest invariably results in the complete subjugation of the helpless animal as he staggers off to the stockade between two more powerful creatures who have been trained for the work, and appear to enjoy it, like a drunken man being dragged to a jail by two muscular policemen.

About twenty years ago a famous elephant named "Tip," who had been attached to Forepaugh's Circus, was subsequently presented to the Central Park Commission, and was in the menagerie there, where he was the delight of the children who rode in the howdah every Saturday afternoon. But one day old Tip was pronounced to be "dangerously ugly" and the Park Commission condemned him to die, although Dr. Conklin, one of the Commission, maintained that in his five years' experience with Tip he had always found him to be perfectly tractable. The authorities, however, were obdurate and the

poor creature came to an untimely end by poison administered to him in a cowardly manner. The dastardly deed was a disgrace to our Christian civilization, and there is not an Asiatic who would have been guilty of such a brutal crime. If the details of this shameful affair ever reached the people to whom we send our missionaries to teach them to be merciful and humane, they probably asked the question, as they have before, "Why are Christian nations so brutal and barbarous?" Of the five hundred million Buddhists in the world there is not one of them who would not have been restrained by his religion from committing such an atrocious act. Poor old Tip, who was a familiar friend of mine, was probably a little ill-natured at times, just as some human beings are inclined to be when their digestion is defective, but he was not naturally vicious, and when he killed his drunken keeper who had abused him, the act was committed in self-defense and the man was more of a beast than the elephant.

## IS THIS SPECIES DOOMED?

The accompanying illustration is used by permission of the Brooklyn Museum, through the courtesy of *Home Progress*. The sea elephants of the South Atlantic had become so reduced in numbers nearly thirty years ago by persistent killing that the hunters entirely abandoned the islands and waters of that region. The species, however, was not completely annihilated, and after a score or more of years of immunity from slaughter regained a fairly substantial foothold. During the past few years hunting has been resumed; great inroads have again been made upon the sea elephant population, as many as 6000 bulls having been taken during one season. Although the female and pup sea elephants are at all times protected by law, the poaching crews pay little regard to the statutes, apparently feeling that this remote region is outside the pale of human jurisdiction. And so the sea elephant is again threatened with total destruction.



A BULL SEA ELEPHANT ROARING FORTH HIS DEFIANCE

## TOO BEAUTIFUL TO KILL

A True Incident

By NELLIE M. COYE

From out the shadow of the lonesome wood  
Stole Reynard, ears erect and tail outspread;  
A symphony in brown, with silver brush  
Aglint in sunlight,—grace in every limb.  
He was so beautiful they stood aghast,—  
These hunters bold, with admiration dumb.  
With guns half-primed they watched him  
Clear the space,  
Fearless, unconscious, as in primal days  
He and his kin the woodlands roamed at will.

When beyond sight the apparition passed  
The men with lowered eyes looked at their guns.

"I just forgot to shoot, he was so fine,"  
One said in shamefaced way. "And I, because

He was so beautiful," another claimed.

"Blamed if I know," a third declared, "I think

The day's too fine for shooting; let's go home."

Three men with lowered guns and level eyes,  
Silent and thoughtful walked their homeward way.

God's handiwork for once had made appeal  
Unto the nobler instinct that o'errules  
At times man's baser nature, leading him  
To do the thing unlooked for, and to stay  
His hand from murder.

Would that more might be  
Lured from the huntsman's craft by beauty's spell.

God's wildwood folk might roam the woods  
at will

If all would say: "Too beautiful to kill."

## ARE YOU HUMANE?

No humane person allows families of kittens to be given about, to be lost or abused by the average cat-owner. No humane person takes a dog or cat for a pet unless it may have gentle care and attention. No humane person leaves a dog or cat to forage for itself for a week or a month. No humane person sells a pet horse or gives away a dog or cat which has grown up with the family. No humane person buys birds to hang moping and sad in the care of servants or careless children. No humane person delivers a pony to the untrained care of children. No humane person fails to interfere when a horse or other animal is being abused on the street.

## MORE CRUEL THAN BEATING

Many a horse, we are confident, could he speak, would gladly say, "Even a sharp blow now and then would cause me less suffering by far than sending me out onto icy and slippery streets improperly shod or with the calks of my shoes worn out." *The Horse World* is well within moderation when it writes:

"It is a mystery, in these days of scientific business management, that a concern which takes the greatest care of its horses in the stable cheerfully allows them to go abroad without calked shoes. The horses may be comfortably stabled, blanketed and fed, but when it comes to the shoes the extent of the negligence is absolutely criminal.

"It may seem drastic, but purely from a humanitarian standpoint it would be well if our authorities made it a criminal offense to put a horse on the streets in winter without properly calked shoes. Let such an offense be handled under the heading of 'cruelty to animals,' for assuredly it is that and nothing else."

Our own practice is to tell drivers who are found by our agents on the streets with horses smooth-shod when the pavement is slippery from ice, that the horses must be properly re-shod at once, and that unless they are the Society will prosecute for cruelty. We have repeatedly sent horses back to their stables with the warning not to use them again until re-shod.

One, willing to think a moment, can readily understand that unless we had an agent on every street in the city we could prevent only a part of this cruelty. With a police force in Boston of more than 1600, law is being violated constantly. It is a very common thing for some indignant citizen to call up the Society and say: "A horse has just slipped and fallen in front of my office. Where are your agents? What do the public give you money for if not to look after such things?" We seldom find these complainants, however, among our contributors.

F.H.R.

## AN EGG-LAYING ANIMAL

Strange to say, there is a species of mammal the females of which lay eggs, from which the young are hatched like the young of birds, says



the *Youth's Companion*, to which we are indebted for the use of this interesting illustration.

The echidna, for that is the name of this creature, is perhaps of the lowest order of mammals, and is a kind of connecting link between mammals and reptiles.

Recently five of these little beasts were brought to this country alive from the island of Tasmania. They are about the size of a baby porcupine, are covered with strong spines set thickly all over their skins, and by way of a nose they have a slender and narrow beak of white horn.

The echidna has very long, sharp claws with which it digs a deep burrow. In this burrow it builds a nest for its young and deposits one or two eggs, which are inclosed in a strong, flexible shell three-fourths of an inch in length by two-thirds of an inch in diameter. When first hatched the young are blind and hairless and their beaks are very short. These curious animals live on insects, small crustaceans, and worms.

## THE HORSE

'Way back a dozen years or so  
We heard men say the horse must go;  
His day was done; he'd run his race,  
The motor car would take his place.  
But still we see the faithful cob  
Is holding down the same old job,  
And doing it so true and well  
He's sure to keep it quite a spell;  
For no machine they'll ever make  
A place beside the horse can take.  
For ages past he's been man's friend,  
And will continue till the end.  
Then why this talk from near and far,  
About the way the motor car  
Is bound to take its place today  
And drive old Dobbin clean away?  
A car may be all right for some,  
But when the winter rains shall come,  
And roads are streaks of mud, they'll need  
To seek once more a sturdy steed.

HARRY M. DEAN in *Farm Journal*.

## THE BOY SCOUTS

We printed in the December issue of *Our Dumb Animals* a statement, made under, as we said, what seemed to be the authority of the National Rifle Association of America, to the effect that the Boy Scouts were being trained in marksmanship through cooperation with this National Rifle Association which was supplying instructors and supervisors. Our comment implied, what we still fear is true, that rifle associations are much more anxious to widen the market for rifles than to develop the character of the Boy Scouts. Rifle practice at targets is fine discipline as well as good sport. However, we are always afraid that the boy who discovers he is a crack shot, as well as the boy who becomes familiar with a gun, will want to practice on something beside a target, and that back of the desire to have all our school-boys trained in shooting is the secret purpose of somebody to foster the spirit of militarism.

We are glad to quote here from a letter received from a Chief Scout Executive:

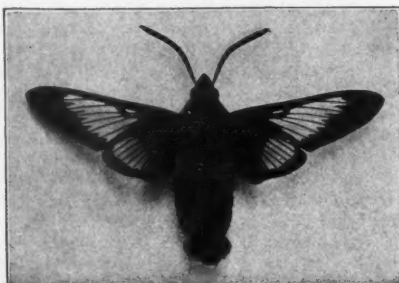
"The Boy Scouts of America is in all ways a non-military organization, our Scouts do not use guns, parade, engage in sham battles or participate in any of the cut and dried military practices."

The letter continues, "We offer a merit badge to Boy Scouts for marksmanship, but certainly this could not be objected to for all who are familiar with the development of boys realize how keenly interested they are in marksmanship." Among the promises made by the Scout seeking the merit badge is one which reads: "I will never shoot at or kill a harmless animal or bird for the mere pleasure of killing." We are glad of this promise. Still, having had some knowledge of boys and of guns as well, we believe it is possible to develop even the highest type of citizenship without guns. It may take a little extra work, but it can be done.

F.H.R.

## THE HUMMING-BIRD MOTH

The cut of this interesting moth, which so much resembles the humming-bird, is used by permission of the American Museum of Natural History and the courtesy of *Home Progress*.



EDWARD FOX SAINSBURY

We are very glad to introduce to our readers the strong and kindly face of our French correspondent, Mr. Edward Fox Sainsbury. Though an Englishman, Mr. Sainsbury has resided many years in France, spending his summers at Dieppe. From this latter place he, with Mrs. Sainsbury, was obliged to flee at the outbreak of the war. Since then they have resided at Folkestone. Here they have had the opportunity to mingle freely with the vast numbers of refugees who have poured into England from the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Sainsbury have long been friends of our societies and among those whose interest and good will we have had abundant reason to appreciate. For years a brother of Mr. Sainsbury was physician to Queen Victoria. Such a correspondent, familiar with conditions affecting humane work both in England and on the continent, a man of wide experience and liberal culture, is of great value to the readers of *Our Dumb Animals*.

F.H.R.

## THE CRUELITIES OF THE ZOO

Many have seen in the daily press the photograph of an operation performed on a snake at the Chicago Zoo. It was a form of cruelty justified, we doubt not, by keepers of zoos, but by few others. It seems they have at Chicago an enormous snake, brought seven months ago from India. The snake has appeared to spectators as if dead. He has refused to eat. His weight dropped toward a hundred pounds. Whereupon a large group of attendants proceeded to stuff him with twenty pounds of chopped pork and beef mixed with fresh pig's blood. This was done by means of a forcing machine while the poor snake's mouth was pried open and held open with a pointed stick. It is said that fifty pounds of food were driven down the python's mouth before the operation was finished. This poor victim of the zoo apparently wanted to die. No one can blame him. To many wretched animals death would be preferable to imprisonment. It's a pity he had to be compelled to live. Let no one imagine that life in a zoo can have any attractions for creatures made for freedom. F.H.R.

## BRANDED!

When the donkey saw the zebra  
He began to switch his tail;  
"Well, I never," was his comment;  
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

—*The Horse Lover*.



TO A SCOTS COLLIE  
(In the absence of his mistress)

By W. H. McCREARY

Auld Duncan, wi' your bonny 'een,  
Your coat sae brent, wi' silken sheen,  
And wi' your proud majestic mien,  
And heart sae leal,  
A trustier friend I ne'er ha' seen,  
In woe or weal.

When simmer's sun her welcome rays,  
Saft o'er yon Ladless Eden lays,  
In licht caress, amang the braes,  
And o'er the lea,  
Ye wander a' the gowden days,  
Wi' her and me.

'Gin winter's nichts graw cauld and drear,  
And tae the ingle we draw near,  
I ken ye'd tell us no to fear,  
Wi' ye sae leal;  
And we luke down and see ye there,  
And a' is weel.

Ay, he's the canny tyke, I tro'  
Wham sic a mistress ca's her jo;  
Had I your lea'e tae speak, I'd show,  
Ye bonny twa'  
How muckle balth o' ye I lo'e,  
Abune them a'.

Sae, Duncan, ye may be fu' glad,  
A' tho' ye canna' wear the plaid;—  
Your present life's no half sae bad,  
The truth tae tell,  
As tho' a pesterin' saul ye had,  
Tae sa'e frae hell.

Ay, Duncan, lad, ye micht ha' been  
A man, wi' some ane's heart tae win,  
Wi' out a thocht how tae begin;—  
And what is worse,  
Ye' micht ha' done the awfu' sin,  
O' writin' verse!

And tho' my gift be ower sma'  
Tae sing your friendship's worth at a',  
Ye're maist tae me when she's awa'  
And I'm my lane;  
Then wad I touch a friendly paw,  
There's aye your ain!

HE WANTED A WAR DOG

In the large pile of mail laid on the desk of Secretary of War Garrison at Washington. D.C., was the following letter, written with a lead pencil with studious precision. It is taken from *The Collie Folio*:—

Fordyce, Penn.

Mr. Sec. of War, Washington, District of Columbia.

Dear Sir,—Me and my little brother Would like to have a Dog for a crismus present. Papa says You have Plenty of war dogs. Will you send us a little Pup? A scotch colley would be best. I am 9 years old and my little Brother is for years old. Goodby.

RAY G. MORRIS.

Secretary Garrison sent the following reply:—  
Mr. Ray G. Morris, Fordyce, Penn.

My Dear Sir,—I received your letter of Dec. 22. Your papa told you the truth when he said I had war dogs, but he made a mistake when he said I had a plenty. I have some, but none to spare, and I am very sorry that I cannot send you what you ask for. Besides there is not a Scotch Collie attached to the army. If I see one running loose anywhere I will try to catch him for you. I do hope you will get a dog somewhere for Christmas.

Sincerely yours,

LINDLEY W. GARRISON,  
Secretary of War.

Just the religion of paying your way and being kind would be a pretty good sort of religion, don't you think so?

ELBERT HUBBARD.

## The Great Sheep Flocks of Russia



IN no part of the old world are there more immense flocks of sheep than in southern Russia, writes N. Tournour in *The Shepherd's Journal*. There, where the plains or steppes stretch across the empire from the frontiers of Hungary to those of Mongolia—where the country is one monotonous level, with few trees and fewer hills—vast flocks of sheep roam, some proprietors possessing no less than from 500,000 to 600,000 of them.

The number of sheep reared on the steppes increases year after year. But they are exposed to the most severe privations, for the scorching heats of summer and the freezing blasts of winter are alike tremendous, while the hurricanes that burst over the plains are as bad as either. During the tempests the animals make not the least effort to weather the violence of the storm, but run panic-stricken before the wind, and are forced by thousands into the streams and ravines by which the steppes are intersected. Were it not for the use of goats, neither the shepherds nor their dogs would be of much service at these times; for the sheep can but seldom be brought to face the terrible winds of the great plains, or to march during a storm into the shelter of a ravine.

But with every hundred sheep three or four

wooden bowls to be exposed to the sun, and made into a kind of cheese known as "brinse," which is very popular in Russia and eastern Germany. Owing to the cheese being packed in goatskins it has a rather peculiar flavor, which, however, one gets to like after a time.

During the severe winter months the sheep are placed in shelter, but all spring, summer and autumn they are pasturing on the plains. So long as the weather is fine, and predatory enemies are absent, the life of a tschabawn and his three or four assistants is tolerably pleasant. Though they have to be continually vigilant against thieves and wolves.

When the evening meal is done the shepherds and their dogs sit for an hour or two before their blazing fire of dry reeds and grass, discussing such things as their lonely, monotonous life may bring up. Then the arrangements of the night are made. The sheep are driven up as close together as possible, and the men and their dogs take their post round the ottara. Each man throws his furs, that serve for mattress and coverlet, on the spot the tschabawn has assigned to him, and between every two beds of the dogs and men the same intervals occur.

There are as many thick sheepskins provided as there are dogs; and as each dog knows his own sheepskin, all that is necessary is to lay it where the dog is to take up his post for the night. Thus, what with the men and the dogs, a circle of defense guards the ottara.



A PAIR OF FAT-TAILED SHEEP

goats are kept, and as these are easily brought to face any wind that will at all bear facing, they are used to lead the way boldly down the most rugged descents; and the sheep follow without much bother.

The herdsman of a large flock or ottara is called a tschabawn. The tschabawn usually has one or two wagons drawn by oxen, in which are carried his provisions and cooking utensils, together with the skins of the sheep that have died and those of the wolves he has been fortunate enough to kill. The order of his progress is uniformly simple. The wagon or wagons lead the van, the tschabawn follows, and the sheep follow him. When he comes to good pasture, he does not leave till the grass has been eaten down; and even on the march his encampment for the night is often no more than two or three miles from where he started in the dewy morning.

Five hundred to 600 ewes—and more—are in the ottara, and the tschabawn draws the milk from them, and places it in huge, shallow

More formidable than thieves are the wolves, which are very numerous on the steppes. For fifty days and nights has a pack of them been known to hover around; and it requires all the watchfulness of the men and their great dogs to ward off the voracious attackers. On the other hand, as a wolfskin is of much worth, the tschabawn and his men are usually eager to meet with such an enemy.

It is the tremendous snowstorms of March the shepherds dread.

The writer knows of an occasion on the Otshakov Steppe, when, out of an ottara of 2000 sheep and 150 goats that were caught in the pelting, screaming snow-drift, 1200 sheep were lost, and all the goats. The sheep are mostly of the Wallachian or fat-tailed breed, and the merino; though, of late, other strains have been successfully reared.

In the fat-tailed sheep, the fat in or about its tail is considered most valuable, and brings a high price among Russians.



## IN MEMORY OF "CURLY"

Who was just a dog

By WILLIAM B. DELANCY

Oh little, woolly, Curly-dog,  
Our hearts are sad tonight,  
So cold and still the little form  
We laid away from sight;  
So very short your span of years,  
Yet long enough to show  
The mystery of life and death,  
That mortals may not know.

Yet, little, woolly, Curly-dog,  
Man's thought, diversified,  
Agrees on this: An honest love  
Like yours has never died;  
Love ruled your life in gentleness,  
Devoted, faithful, true,  
A living lesson haughty man  
Might learn from dogs like you.

Ah, little, woolly, Curly-dog,  
Within the world of men  
We find a host of direful traits,  
All foreign to your ken:  
Greed, envy, anger, malice, strife,  
We sadly contemplate,  
While blackened is man's lovely earth  
With deeds inspired by hate.

Now, little, woolly, Curly-dog,  
Earth waits the prophet's dream,  
The dawn of the millennial morn,  
When Love shall reign supreme;  
Witness of this the Father-heart,  
That notes the sparrow's fall,  
Endowed you with a deathless love  
That holds our hearts in thrall.

For you, little, woolly, Curly-dog,  
No home beyond the skies  
Is promised, yet, we'll not forget  
The love-light in your eyes;  
We miss you from your old-time place  
Close by our fireside;  
But by your life an honest love  
Was truly typified.

## SQUIRREL WISDOM

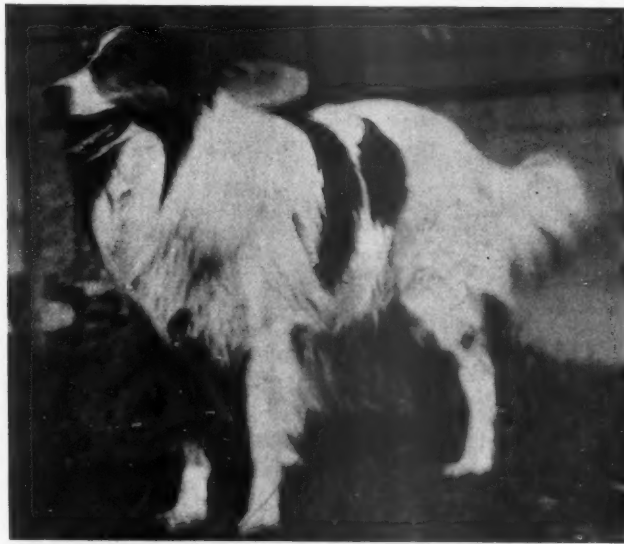
Man's superiority over the wild animals is in some respects more imaginary than real, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. The squirrel, for instance, knows better than to depend on luck from day to day to bring him his food in the season when that food is to be found only in storage. Man invented the plan of letting seasons of plenty go by without preparation for seasons of scarcity.

This is the time of year when the squirrel has a lesson to teach his proud but shorter sighted brother of the human race. All the fall the bushy-tailed fellow, what time he could spare from eluding the guns of hunters licensed by law, gathered nuts from tree and ground and put them away safely for the winter use. He knew, somehow, that a long season was at hand when nuts could not be found, when it would be impossible to roam at large in search of provender, and when, unless he stocked his larder in advance, hunger was likely to claim him a victim.

Meanwhile, man lets the season of fruit and vegetable plenty go by, living on what the grocer's boy brings to the door from day to day, subject to every rise in price, and every fluctuation in quality that the market may produce, artificially or naturally. He is a creature of circumstances over which he has no control.

## DOG PLACES SIGNAL LAMPS

A dog known as "Old Shep," belonging in Silver Grove, Kentucky, can be seen each night, when the Ohio River is at a normal stage, placing the government signal lamps on the ends of the various dykes in that vicinity. His master is employed by the government to take care of these signals, and every evening at sundown he stands on the bank while his valuable dog picks up lantern after lantern in his mouth and places it in position. As may be inferred, "Old Shep" is a great favorite with steamboat men all along the Ohio.



"DON," THE HANDSOMEST DOG IN PATERSON

## THE SHIP'S DOG

The man who first christened the ship's dog Peter has gone down into oblivion, but the name still lingers, and it will do so until the last sailing vessel has put out from port, observes *The Collie Folio*. The skipper's wife, or the skipper himself—to whom the dog belongs, or it certainly would not be here—may know the animal by some other name, but this makes no difference. By the time the ship is home again and the captain is once more in the bosom of his family, it will have to be Peter both with him and his good lady if they wish to obtain recognition. Everybody on a sailing ship likes to have a dog aboard. Its presence means a tip for the cook at the end of the voyage, and also helps to account for the "wastage" which for a consideration finds its way from the cabin to the forecabin. Peter also has other, and, in the eyes of the crew, more valuable uses. His sudden arrival on deck is a sure warning that the skipper is putting in an appearance, and forewarned is forearmed. Captains who have no sense of the fitness of things have been known to lock Peter in their cabin when they wanted to see how things were going on deck, but such as these are, fortunately, few in number. Peter invariably has a good time whilst the ship is at sea, but when a port—and especially a colonial port—is reached things are different, for he is embargo here, and must not be allowed on shore, and port officials are particularly keen in seeing that this regulation is obeyed.

The dog is high enough in the scale of being to feel the regrets of absence in all their bitterness, yet not high enough to have his anxieties relieved by any word of explanation.

Whether his master has gone to the next country, or across the sea, or to heaven, he has no possible means of ascertaining—he only feels the long sorrow of separation, the aching of the solitary heart, the weariness of hope deferred, the anxiety that is never set at rest.

So great is their power of loving that we cannot help assigning to dogs a place distinct from the brute race generally.

Dogs possess, in a much higher degree than man, the power of storing up energy in times of repose, and keeping it for future use. A dog spends his spare time in absolute rest, and is able to endure great drains of energy on due occasion.

He lies idly by the fire, and looks so lazy that it seems that nothing could make him stir, yet at a sign from his master he will get up and go anywhere, without hesitation about the distance.

## THE HANDSOMEST DOG IN PATERSON

By DAVID BANKS SICKELS

"Don," a thoroughbred white and black collie owned by Miss Mary E. Jennison of Paterson, New Jersey, has been pronounced by all judges to be the handsomest dog in that city. He is five years old and his pedigree is certified to by the American Kennel Club.

Don is not only remarkable for his beauty, but for his docility and intelligence. He understands the meaning of thirty-seven words as well as a human being, and enjoys a ride in the automobile as much as his mistress. One of his companions in the household is a black cat that has been in the family for eighteen years, and which, though deaf and toothless, appears to be in good health. Miss Jennison is very fond of "our dumb animals" and is their swift and unflinching champion.

## THE SPIDER IN THE HELMET

Major Lawrie was an officer who fought bravely in the Soudan war. One day, before the battle of Atbara, he found a spider in the ventilator of his helmet, and watched it with some interest. The spider used to come out in the evening, and, having had its supper of flies, would return to the helmet for sleep and rest.

Major Lawrie allowed the spider to remain in its strange hiding-place, and even went into battle carrying his friend in his helmet. Major Lawrie escaped without a scratch; and the same good fortune attended him at Omdurman, where the spider again accompanied him.

When the war was over, Major Lawrie packed up his things to be sent home, and among them the helmet; and not till it was too late did he remember that the spider had been sent with the helmet. It must die on the road; for how could it find anything to eat in a tin packing case? The major was sorry. He had taken a great interest in the spider, and it was sad to have condemned it to a lingering death.

The first thing he did on arriving in London was to open the helmet box, expecting, of course, to find the spider dead; but not only was the spider alive and well, but it was the happy mother of two young spiders.—*Christian Register*.

"Treat a dog like a man, and you will have a noble animal; treat him like a dog, and you will have a dog. Never lose sight of the fact that your dog knows more than you do. Proof: He understands your language; you do not understand his."

## Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, February, 1915

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston.

### REMOVAL NOTICE

Exchanges and all others, please note that our new mail address is simply Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The offices are in the new Angell Memorial Animal Hospital Building at 180 Longwood Avenue.

If any orders for literature, supplies, or "Our Dumb Animals" are delayed during the next month, will our patrons kindly be patient with us till we are settled in the new offices?

### OPENING OUR HOSPITAL

We expected to be in our new building by January first. There have been delays we could not prevent. If February first does not see us moved it will be because something now totally unforeseen has made it impossible. The day of dedication should be near the middle of February. Great pains have been taken to see that our friends shall be remembered with invitations. In spite of this the list is so long a one we fear there may have been an occasional error. If this should have happened in your case, dear reader, please try and forgive us, and come when the daily papers announce the opening. We have sought to include all contributors to our work and others of whose interest we have been assured.

F.H.R.

### IT IS NOT SELFISHNESS

One of the animal papers, published in London, very courteously refuses to fill its columns with appeals for help for all sorts of societies urging it to champion their cause, even when that cause is the relieving of animal suffering. It says, "We wonder, does it occur to any of the good folk who write and ask us to appeal for money for other organizations that our own work costs money, and a lot of money. Does it ever occur to some of these good folks that we may even be in want of money ourselves? However much we may sympathize with other causes our own cause, and our own interests MUST COME FIRST."

This is natural and rational. Unless a society, an organization, strive to advance first its own work by every legitimate means it will soon be obliged to close its doors. There are not a few who say, "What's the difference, isn't it all one cause?" Assuredly, but the best way for a society like ours to help that one cause is to make its own service the most effective possible.

F.H.R.

### THE ROADSTER

If any type of horse has been displaced by the automobile it has been the roadster. We note, therefore, the statement made concerning the Red Cross Horse Show, held recently in New York, that the roadster class surpassed anything of the kind ever seen there before, while more harness horses of a high type and quality, bred on American stock farms, passed in review than ever in former years.

F.H.R.

### THE HORSESHOE

Readers of Homer and early classic authors who speak so frequently of the horse and the part he played, particularly in war, often wonder how he was shod. It certainly was not with metal. Homer's "bronze-hooved" horses must have received that special designation because of the color of the hoof so often resembling bronze. The hoofs of horses in ancient times were frequently wrapped with cloth. The Romans, it is said, used various methods to harden the hoofs of their horses that they might the better stand long marches. So far as we know Nero, the Roman Emperor, was the first to have his horses shod. The shoes were of silver and were clamped to the foot. Nails driven into the horn of the foot appear to have been in use in the time of William the Conqueror in the eleventh century.

F.H.R.

### WHY A TWO-CENT STAMP?

We do not wonder that occasionally a subscriber in the Boston postal district sends us a message similar to this, received recently from an anonymous writer: "Why do you pay two cents postage on magazine, when I send it to a friend for one cent rate given at post-office? A penny saved is a penny earned." The reply is simply that the United States charges publishers of monthly periodicals, weighing over two ounces the copy, two cents for all single copies mailed in the postal district of publication. In our own case, here in Boston, the postal district extends far out into the suburbs, taking practically all cities and towns within ten miles from the post-office. So it happens that while we can mail a single copy of *Our Dumb Animals* to Manila or to Honolulu at the pound rate (about one-sixth of a cent) it costs us two cents to mail the same copy to the next door in our own office building. Any individual, however, can mail magazines anywhere in the United States at the uniform rate of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof.

### CRUELTY AND POVERTY

Poverty is very often the cause of that form of cruelty to animals which consists in failure to provide for them proper food, shelter and care. The reports that are coming to us at present from our agents throughout the rural sections of the State make this evident. Take these cases as examples: On a certain farm our agent reports, "I could not find a scrap of hay in the barn nor a bit of grain. The cattle consisted of two cows, two calves and a horse. The latter was in fairly good condition but the cows and calves were about as starved creatures as I ever saw." Of another farm he says, "There were two cows in the barn with no feed in sight and the animals had every appearance of starving. The owner admitted that the cows had not been fed for two days, and investigation showed that the man had bought but 75 cents' worth of grain in the last four weeks."

In all these cases we supply hay and grain immediately and arrange either to have the animals sold to some one who can take care of them or have them provided for until some proper disposition can be made of them. It is many a year since we have found so many cases of poverty from which animals are suffering as this winter. Instead of selling the cattle when they find they cannot feed them the most of these people still keep them hoping, doubtless, that something will turn up before it is too late, and in some cases, when the children have lived largely on the milk of the cows the owner has not known which way to turn. God pity both the family and the animals when grim, gaunt poverty has visited the home.

F.H.R.

### OUR EXPENSES

We are constantly hearing the statement, "Oh, the Mass. S. P. C. A. is rich, it doesn't need money." A Society like ours is just as poor as hundreds of others that have to struggle to make both ends meet. The relation of your expense account to your income determines your need. Place the cost of the work we are doing over against what we receive and the absurdity of the remark quoted above will appear.

We must provide an average of \$7000 a month to pay some forty people serving the Society in Boston and the rest of the State, maintain ambulance service, publish *Our Dumb Animals* (which costs many thousands of dollars a year more than we receive for it), pay rent, distribute quantities of humane literature free, and do a score of other things that we are called upon, and justly called upon, to do. Wherever it is possible to save a dollar, or make one dollar do the work of two, we are trying to do it. Economy has become a watchword in our offices.

Then remember that actually less than 25% of the \$7000 needed each month comes from our permanent funds and one can imagine something of the unceasing and anxious work required to solicit contributions and induce the Society's membership not to forget us. Were it not for the bequests that from time to time we receive and which are given to be used for current work we should simply be compelled to turn away from a large part of the important calls continually coming to us in behalf of defenseless and suffering animals.

F.H.R.

### TORONTO'S PUBLIC ABATTOIR

By nothing has this fine Canadian city shown more effectively its spirit of civic pride and progress than by building and equipping its splendid new public abattoir. Not only does every interest of the public health, so far as a community eats meat, demand such an institution, but all who would guard the welfare of the animals killed for food and save them from unnecessary ill-treatment and suffering at the time of death must continue to agitate for public abattoirs. They stand for the most improved sanitary conditions, for a meat inspection that is as far above that prevailing at the average private slaughter-house as the electric light is above the ancient oil wick, for a better supervision of the animals by humane societies, since all are gathered under one roof, for more experienced butchers, and for much more humane methods both in the handling and slaughtering of cattle, sheep and swine. Say what we may of Germany, her much boasted "Kultur" is manifested at least in her insistence upon the public abattoir not only to guard the health of her people, but to save economic waste and to guarantee humane methods of slaughter.

Here are a few items about this Toronto establishment: Cattle are slaughtered for 85 cents per head, calves 20 cents, swine 25 cents, sheep and lambs 15 cents per head. A reduction is made when butchers do their own killing. In connection with the abattoir are cooling rooms, cold storage and freezing accommodations at most reasonable rates. Experience demonstrates that the public abattoir means a saving in actual dollars and cents both to consumer and producer.

Personally we wish there were not a slaughter-house on the face of the earth, but while they exist both reason and humanity call for that form of slaughter-house known as the public abattoir, managed either by cities, towns, or larger civic groups.

F.H.R.

Read the description on the back cover of the new humane stamp, now in use by anti-cruelty societies and individuals throughout the country.





Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital  
Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston  
Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;  
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treas.;  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

#### Trustees of Permanent Funds

Alfred Bowditch Laurence Minot  
Thomas Nelson Perkins

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Brookline 6100

#### Prosecuting Agents in Boston

JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Chief Agent  
HARRY L. ALLEN WALTER B. POPE  
HARVEY R. FULLER DAVID A. BOLTON  
THEODORE W. PEARSON (THOS. LANGLAN)  
FRANK J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S., } Veterinarians.  
H. F. DAILEY, D.V.M., }

Notice:—The post-office address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, is Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue. The new telephone call is Brookline 6100.

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined .....	3340
Fish peddlers' and hawkers' horses examined .....	290
Number of prosecutions .....	23
Number of convictions .....	22
Horses taken from work .....	89
Horses humanely destroyed .....	157

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined .....	12,045
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed .....	33

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges a bequest of \$70 (additional) from Nelson Trask of Orange. It has received \$58 from the Saginaw (Michigan) Public Schools; and gifts of \$40 from J. F. M., and for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$48 from W. J. M., \$30 from Miss E. A. U., \$27 for tablet to pet dog from Mrs. S. B. V., and \$25 from Miss A. H. B.; and \$170.45, interest.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$121.63 from the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble, \$83.32 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, and \$443.43, interest.

Boston, January 12, 1915.

#### PIGEON SHOOTING

We did not suppose there was a State left in the Union where the shooting of live pigeons from traps was any longer allowed. Faithfully, however, as the humane societies of Pennsylvania have worked to stop this most evident form of cruelty they have not yet succeeded. After securing the passage of a bill by the Legislature prohibiting this "sport," the shooting clubs have carried the matter to the Superior Court and won their case through some clever scheme. Nothing daunted the Pennsylvania societies are planning for a new and better bill by which their State will be delivered from this reproach. F.H.R.

#### OUR NEW VETERINARIAN

Dr. H. F. Dailey will be added to our corps of workers when we open the new hospital. Dr. Dailey is a graduate of the Veterinary School of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the very best veterinary schools in the United States. For two years he has been the assistant of the chief officer and veterinarian of the school. Dr. Dailey's wide experience in examining and treating small animals makes him a very valuable addition to our force. Besides his skill, he brings what we were quite as particular to seek, a genuine love for animals that guarantees their humane and kind treatment. We feel sure he will win and keep the confidence of all who have occasion to bring their animals to us. He will live at the hospital, being within reach night and day. The general oversight of the veterinary departments will be under the direction of Dr. F. J. Flanagan. Dr. Bolger will give part of his time as formerly when the Free Dispensary (which will be opened again at the hospital) was in operation on Central street. F.H.R.

#### A SMALL PET DEPARTMENT

Our new hospital had to be built for the future as well as for the present. That means, in certain departments, more room than is needed at the moment. Having the room, and unusual facilities for the work, we have decided to open a small pet department, that is, to provide accommodations for boarding and caring for such valuable small pets as their owners are compelled to leave somewhere from time to time, on account of absence from the city, and are glad to place in a trustworthy home. Large and airy rooms, enclosed exercise yards on the top of the building, expert veterinary service always at hand, promise such attention as one seldom finds available for some highly-prized dog or cat or bird.

Miss Marion P. Frost, for so many years the very successful owner and manager of "Pussy-Willow House," at Wayland, Mass., will have entire charge of this department. Miss Frost's long experience with small animals, her rare knowledge of their peculiarities and of the things that minister to their well or ill-being, her skill in winning their confidence and overcoming their homesickness, and her unflinching love for animals make her an ideal superintendent for this work. Her many friends and patrons have expressed themselves as greatly pleased because for the future she is to be with the hospital, devoting herself to this special branch. F.H.R.

#### WORK IN WORCESTER

The past autumn and early winter were busy seasons for the Society's agent in Worcester and Franklin counties. Agent Robert L. Dyson kept a close oversight of the sales stables in Worcester and put an end to the sufferings and ill-treatment of more than forty horses during November. He and his assistants also made inspections of the shipments of cattle and hogs passing through Worcester by rail, and shot such animals as were too sick or badly injured to be transported further.

The Worcester Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has rendered valuable assistance to Agent Dyson. This energetic organization made special efforts to preserve wild bird life last winter and distributed a ton of grain and two hundred pounds of suet in near-by localities. The president, Mrs. Charles Francis Darling, urges housewives to throw out crumbs to the birds during the winter and owners to see that their horses are kept well shod and blanketed during the cold weather. Every Saturday from 9 until 4.30 o'clock a boy will carry through the streets of the city a placard with the words "PLEASE BLANKET YOUR HORSE." Other short, catching sentences will also be used in carrying on a publicity campaign of education.

#### EXEMPTING THE DOG

A bill has been introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature, which, if it should become a law, would forbid the use of the dog for all such experimental purposes as pass under the name of vivisection. This is not so unreasonable a measure even from the point of view of the medical profession when one remembers that the *London Lancet*, probably the leading organ of the medical world, has put itself on record as willing to agree to such a measure as would prohibit vivisections on dogs before physiology classes as demonstrations of the truth of statements already well known. It says, "We could contemplate without any misgiving the entire abandonment of dogs as subjects for these demonstrations."

Because of the dog's highly organized and sensitive nature and his long companionship with man—a companionship marked by innumerable instances of love and loyalty—many would rejoice to see this faithful friend saved from every possible unnecessary suffering. Of course the charge of inconsistency can be brought against the bill in that it seeks to exempt only the dog. There are worse things in the world to be afraid of, however, than inconsistency. If by any means the dog could be abandoned, as the *London Lancet* says, even for purposes of demonstrating facts long established, it would bring comfort to thousands who see in almost every dog they meet that which reminds them of some never-to-be-forgotten companion of yesterday or today. F.H.R.

#### A TEST CASE

In the western part of Massachusetts complaints were made to us against the owner of two young heifers which had become so wild, after roaming all the summer and autumn through a large tract of land, that they could not be caught and brought to shelter. The owner was seen by our agent. The snow had come and the weather had grown very cold. He said he had tried every means in his power to get the two animals near his barn and could not. They were growing poorer each day and the possibility of their perishing from exposure and hunger was evident. Our agent advised that to save them from that fate an expert with a rifle be secured to end their lives suddenly and painlessly. The owner refused. The complaints kept multiplying from neighbors and others. Then we advised our agent to see if the court would issue a warrant for the owner's arrest under the general anti-cruelty statute which forbids failure "to provide proper food, drink, shelter, or protection from the weather." The court granted the warrant. The case came into court and the judge felt he could not hold the owner responsible. Up to last accounts the heifers were becoming thinner and thinner and liable to succumb to the zero weather that has since prevailed.

Is the man who would allow two young animals like these to starve and freeze to death rather than sacrifice the price of them by humanely destroying them, guilty of cruelty? We shall know later whether or not the poor creatures survive the winter. F.H.R.

#### THE SPRINGFIELD SOCIETY

The Springfield, Massachusetts, S. P. C. A., which was organized at the beginning of winter, at once adopted plans to aid animals in various practical ways. Non-slipping chain horseshoes were purchased and placed at convenient points for drivers. An attractive card, printed in two colors, was distributed, urging membership in the Society and setting forth some of the important objects for which the Society will strive. The new organization starts out with excellent prospects and with every indication of doing efficient work in the humane field.



## American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

P. O. Address, Fenway Station.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;  
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treasurer;  
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### Trustees of Permanent Funds

Alfred Bowditch Laurence Minot  
Thomas Nelson Perkins

### Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chili
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Edward C. Butler	Mexico
Jerome Perinet	Switzerland
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey

### Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Boise, Idaho  
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio

### OUR NEW STAMP

From the large number of orders received for our new humane stamp in the short time since it was issued, and the many good things said about it, we have every reason to believe it will win a wide use for itself. It was purposely made a humane education stamp with no one society's name upon it. This was that all societies might adopt it. By having them made in quantities of a quarter of a million at a time we can furnish them at a price that is almost trifling, fifteen cents a hundred. Later, by our second order, we hope to reduce the cost even beyond this. One Society, immediately after seeing a sample, telegraphed an order for 10,000. Among humane people it should have as general a use as the Red Cross Stamp has with those particularly interested in the work of the Red Cross Society. Send us a postal and we shall be glad to mail you a few. F.H.R.

### LITERATURE FOR SAN DIEGO

The American Humane Education Society has sent for distribution at the San Diego Exposition in California, 500 copies of *Our Dumb Animals* and several thousand humane leaflets, including "Woman's Indifference," "Humane Education," "Molly Whitefoot's Vacation," "The Checkrein," "The Coming Education," "How the Birds Help the Farmer," "The Horse's Prayer," and "To Policemen and Others."

### HOW TO TEACH KINDNESS

Superintendent Hess of the schools of Crookston, Minnesota, has been working to interest in humane education not only the teachers of the city schools but the many children. The following is taken from one of his instruction leaflets:

"First, you must fill up the reservoir to overflowing with a practical knowledge about the habits of birds and animals, the care and treatment of domestic animals, their value to us as friends and helpers, and such other data as will help you to develop the ideas of humane treatment, kindness, thoughtfulness, sympathy, compassion on the weak and helpless.

"Second, if you know where you are going, you are more likely to get there. Likewise if you have a definite idea or end to accomplish you are more likely to attain it, if a fixed purpose exists in the mind of each teacher. Much definite knowledge may be obtained from fascinating literature, inspiring song, interesting incidents, research, and every-day observation.

"Third, as teachers you must fill your own soul so full of the love for humane treatment that it will overflow and by its contagion affect every student. You must feel that what we most need is more education of the human heart, and less cramming of the mind with useless facts.

"The greatest, the bravest, the noblest, the strongest, are the tenderest, and you lose power if you fail to use aright this lever for self-mastery and self-development. Organize Bands of Mercy and your opportunity along humane educational lines will fairly spring into activity."

### HUMANE CAMPAIGN IN HAWAII

Mrs. Alice Park of Palo Alto, California, who has most successfully conducted the Western Press Bureau of the American Humane Education Society, sailed on December 30 for Honolulu, where she will remain during January and February. While there she will devote much of her time to the cause of humane education, distributing literature and circulating one of our traveling humane libraries. She will also conduct a press bureau and give addresses illustrated with stereopticon slides. Upon her return, Mrs. Park looks forward to unusual activity in humane press work in connection with the coming international expositions to be held at San Francisco and San Diego.

### REAL MERCY WORK

The Bands of Mercy organized by Mrs. Edwin J. Farber, president of the Animal Refuge of Baltimore, Maryland, sent 1000 filled stockings to orphans of the European war at Christmas. The stockings contained caps, mittens, sweaters, candy, nuts and toys. Clothing, absorbent cotton and condensed milk were also shipped, the whole offering filling four enormous packing cases. Surely many otherwise destitute children were made happy by this splendid work of the Bands of Mercy in Baltimore.

Mrs. Farber, who is quick to adopt up-to-date methods in her work, sold over \$100 worth of a special Peace stamp, the profits being used to provide ice shoes to prevent horses from falling upon slippery streets.

### CHRISTMAS FOR THE HORSES

The horses of Kansas City, Missouri, received their usual Christmas dinner this year, through the efforts of Mrs. Emma W. Robinson and Mrs. Edwin A. Hornbrook of the Anti-Cruelty Society of that city. The headquarters for distributing the dinners were at Convention Hall, with three branches in different parts of the city. Special motor trucks carried the dinners to the distributing points, and the bags were marked and tagged as the horses' own. Publicity was given the matter weeks before Christmas.

### ARE THE BIRDS YET SAFE?

The federal law for the protection of migrating birds has been in operation since October 1, 1913. What effect this law has had upon wild bird life in the short space of fifteen months is well worth careful consideration. The law was attacked in its very early stages by some professional sportsmen and hunters in Arkansas and a test case was entered in court. The government lost in the lower court, which held that Congress had not the constitutional right to enact such prohibitory legislation. The case was carried up to the United States Supreme Court where it is now pending, and probably will be reached in the early spring.

Whatever the outcome of this suit it must be apparent that litigation and delay in judicial procedure has resulted in great benefit to migratory birds. They have enjoyed a respite. The hand of the merciless destroyer has been stayed for over a year. How much their numbers have been increased thereby no one can tell, but that there has been improvement in the treatment of them must be admitted.

Dr. T. S. Palmer of the geological survey, a good authority on game preservation, is quoted as saying, "The law has had a wonderful effect upon public sentiment in all parts of the country, and in consequence the States are beginning to adopt the regulations made under it for bird protection."

The department of agriculture and the Audubon societies also express confidence that a better sentiment has been created in behalf of the birds by the hard fight that was waged and won for them in Congress, and the period of cessation from destruction that has followed.

It seems to be too early to believe that the cause of protection has been won or that the birds are yet safe. Should federal protection fail it may rest with the State legislatures to decide the fate of the migratory bird.

### S. P. C. A. IN CAIRO, EGYPT

From Cairo, Egypt, comes the nineteenth annual report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The work accomplished by this Society and its seventeen provincial branches, including all of Egypt except Alexandria, covers many fields. Most interesting seems to be its educational campaign. The Society posts in hotels and other public places, notices some of which bear this very sound advice: "Do not remain content to go about bewailing the lot of poor animals . . . you must take some trouble if you wish to help the poor dumb animals that you profess to pity." The notice then states the ways in which individuals may help the Society.

The report contains copies of letters from the heads of the Khedivial and the Nasrieh Training Colleges, recounting the benefits which they feel their students have gained by regular visits to the infirmary of the society, where practical instruction in the care of animals is given.

During the year which the report covers, 599 camels, 11,661 donkeys, nearly 7000 mules and horses, and 882 other animals were admitted to the infirmary. Of these animals, 1326 were destroyed and more than 17,000 discharged when cured.

The Society lays particular stress on its treatment of contagious diseases, especially parasite mange, all such cases being sent to the Veterinary Isolation Hospital. Sometimes the owners of animals suffering with mange are annoyed that their animals are sent to the Isolation Hospital, but, says the report, "when they are shown the parasites alive and moving under the microscope, they are convinced . . . of the necessity of isolation."



FAST FRIENDS

## THREE-LEGGED "BOB"

By C. J. AUGUSTIN

**B**OB" is a spunky little Maltese who was only a kitten when he came to us two years ago. Last winter his right fore paw was caught in a large trap under a barn several blocks from home. After suffering intensely for nearly twenty-four hours, he was released by a passer-by who heard his wails and came to his rescue. He limped home and for several days we feared he would not survive. But we gave him the best care and attention possible and he finally became himself again—all but his right paw. This hardened and after a couple of weeks dropped off, obliging him to walk on only three legs. Notwithstanding this, however, he is now a healthy and happy cat.

He climbs trees with surprising speed and agility, but has to make his *descent* very gingerly. One of the family always makes it a point to go out, at his call, and lift him to the ground from the final limb, or from the edge of the shed roof when he takes it into his diminutive head to indulge in lofty rambles. His misfortune has added greatly to the family's affection for him, and that he isn't entirely a "spoiled" cat under the circumstances is not a little to his credit. Unlike all other cats which have been in the family in the years agone, "Bob" has no repugnance for wet places and will walk unconcernedly in water and take the shortest cut to reach a given point, regardless of the "walking." He is also a great lover of various vegetables, such as muskmelon, pumpkin, squash, peas, corn, etc., but abhors pork, raw or cooked. When he came home on that bitter cold morning last winter our first inclination was to chloroform him, but we are now glad that we thought better of it and gave him a chance to live and enjoy the span of years which nature allots to a cat.

## THE DOG KNEW

"Yes," said Brown, "I have a wonderful dog. Only this morning, when I came down to breakfast after a sleepless night, and forgot to give him his usual tidbit, he went out into the garden, pulled up a bunch of flowers and laid them at my feet."

"What were they?" inquired his friend.

"Forget-me-nots," answered Brown, as he hurriedly left the room.

## A WINTER EVENING

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

Jack Sprat outstretched upon my knees,  
And close beside me Jerry,  
A right good book, a blazing hearth,—  
Why shouldn't I be merry?

The steaming kettle close at hand,  
With Jack Sprat's purr so cheery,  
In gentle lullaby combines  
To soothe my spirits weary.

Now Jerry sighs, and softly growls;  
Well, well, boy, what's the matter?  
In dreamland are you hunting rats,  
And sigh to see them scatter?

He gives a sudden start, the scamp,  
Some foe he seems pursuing;  
Oh, should some rash intruder come  
Just now, his sure undoing

Would Jerry cause when in this mood;  
'Tis well 'tis all illusion;  
Sleep on, old boy, with you on guard  
We're safe from all intrusion.

O green-eyed sphinx upon my knee,  
Deep lost in contemplation,  
You look so wise, do you recall  
Some former incarnation?

Mysterious autocrat, perchance  
You once had royal housing  
In Pharaoh's temple by the Nile,  
And in his courts went mousing!

You may have been some household god  
When Thebes was in its glory;  
My homage you did e'er accept  
As though 'twere some old story.

Well, let the snow beat on the pane,  
The north wind shriek, quite merry  
Am I beside the blazing fire,  
With old Jack Sprat and Jerry;

For Jerry's eyes are full of love,  
And Jack Sprat's rhythmic singing  
Soothes like some gentle lullaby—  
Away dull care I'm flinging!

The tall clock in the corner near  
Chimes out the hour—eleven!  
And now, good-night, dear trusty friends,  
Till strikes this old clock seven!

## WHOLE TOWN MOURNS THIS CAT

Often our country exchanges send in accounts of remarkable dogs, that have been town characters in their day and whom everybody misses after they have gone, but seldom do we receive notice of a cat that has attained the popularity of "Old Mose" who died recently in Fair Haven, New York. We are indebted to the *Register* of that town for the following eulogy:

"Old Mose" was only a yellow cat. Old age had crept slowly upon him, yet he was still a remarkable animal, and the remembrance of his traits of character will ever be fresh in the memory of the whole town. Never was there a public supper, an entertainment or gathering of any kind that Old Mose was not present. It mattered not where or when it was held, he would find his way into it seemingly by some unknown but powerful instinct. He was a faithful attendant at the Sunday services in the M. E. church, very seldom missing a service. Mose had a host of friends, and he was monarch of all he surveyed in the store where he belonged. Many have been the friendly calls he has made at the *Register* office, and as many have been the dainties set before him at each visit. We shall miss him, though only a cat he was; we shall remember him as among the most faithful of our friends; and his animal intelligence will always be a bright memory in our life. He possessed a nature that might well be patterned by many a human being. He was kind, innocent, intelligent and a friend to all.



MOLLIE

By GRETA M. MACNUTT

**I**T was in the middle of winter when I first met her. She was muffled in furs from head to foot, yet I caught a glimpse of those charms which have since rendered me her slave, completely.

Of Mollie, I can only say that she is the daintiest little piece of femininity I have ever encountered. It is, perhaps, her manner which so quickly charms one at first sight. She never walks; she glides; she flits. One moment, the demurest little Quaker in existence; the next, coquettish as a wandering breeze, she makes it well-nigh impossible to describe her.

Never had any girl such tiny hands and feet as Mollie. As I write, I can see the former before me; such small, white hands, always so actively engaged, sometimes with her ball of wool, sometimes in nothing less than mischief.

Her hair is fine and abundant, and very simply arranged. No elaborate coiffure for Mollie. Her eyes of an indescribable color, somewhere between hazel and blue-gray, and large, bright, sometimes wondering, generally brimful of mischief. Her teeth are perfect; no pearls could be whiter, or more even. Her dress never impresses one as being bizarre in color, or extreme in cut. Mollie has a style of her own, which shows itself beautiful midst all the vagaries of fashion.

No need has she of clothes to laud her beauty. "She walks in beauty, like the night," and an enchanting night it is that resembles Mollie.

Let me hope that any interest I have aroused in her may not be lessened by knowledge of the fact that Mollie is our KITTEN.

## FASTING AS A DOG CURE

Probably more dogs suffer from overfeeding than from want of sufficient food. This advice from *Country Life in Canada*, is to the point:

If your dog gets off his feed and nothing seems to tempt his appetite, don't get alarmed and dose him with medicine, but instead let him fast for two or three days. I had a dog which I let go without food for four days at a time until he began to show signs of being hungry, and begged for something to eat; then I fed him sparingly to begin with.

This gives the digestive organs a rest and renews a faded appetite. It is an especially good regimen for dogs that are pampered too much. But during the time of fasting do not leave food around where the dog can help himself if he gets hungry.



## STEVENSON'S LOVE OF BIRDS

ROBERT Louis Stevenson reveals his tender love of birds in a few characteristic lines in "The Ideal House." This pleasing essay was written probably in 1884, a year of much severe sickness, while the author was still seeking health on the Continent or in England. He has begun the article with a description of the situation of the grounds, and is now in the midst of his ideal garden:

Nor must the ear be forgotten; without birds, a garden is a prison-yard. There is a garden near Marseilles on a steep hillside, walking by which, upon a sunny morning, your ear will suddenly be ravished with a burst of small and very cheerful singing; some score of cages being set out there to sun their occupants. This is a heavenly surprise to any passer-by; but the price paid, to keep so many ardent and winged creatures from their liberty, will make the luxury too dear for any thoughtful pleasure-lover. There is only one sort of bird that I can tolerate caged, though even then I think it hard, and that is what is called in France the *Bec d'Argent*. I once had two of these pigmies in captivity; and in the quiet bare house upon a silent street where I was then living, their song, which was not much louder than a bee's, but airily musical, kept me in a perpetual good humor. I put the cage upon my table when I worked, carried it with me when I went for meals, and kept it by my head at night; the first thing in the morning, these *maestrini* would pipe up. But these, even if you can pardon their imprisonment, are for the house. In the garden the wild birds must plant a colony, a chorus of the lesser warblers that should be almost deafening, a blackbird in the lilacs, a nightingale down the lane, so that you must stroll to hear it, and yet a little farther, tree-tops populous with rooks.

## ROLLING A SNOWBALL

By JOHN T. TIMMONS

Like most other men, I was fond of rolling snowballs when I was a boy. It was great sport to roll up a good-sized ball of snow on a hillside, and set it to rolling down the steep incline toward the foot of the hill. I have helped to roll snowballs that were as large as a small house when they came to a standstill at the end of the course, but I never knew the good I did in rolling those snowballs until in recent years.

Late in March last I was out on my lawn after a wet heavy snow had fallen, and my boyhood desire to roll a big snowball came back to me, and immediately I gathered up some of the beautiful snow and fashioned it into a ball which I rolled back and forth on the grassy lawn. It left a bare but crooked trail, and by the time the mass had become so large I could not roll it there was quite a wide path from which the three inches of snow had been gathered, revealing the grass which had started to grow a little.

My wife made sport of me being a boy, and I mentally resolved she was telling the truth, and I resolved never to be anything else if I could help it.

After abandoning the snowball a few minutes we discovered that quite a number of birds were collected on the lawn, searching diligently through the grass roots for worms and other forms of food which only the sharp eyes of the insect-destroying birds could see.

About a dozen varieties of birds which had just recently returned from the south were feeding on the insects they were able to find in the earth on the bare path my snowball had made. My boyish prank had done good after all.

It will pay to bare the lawn in times during early spring when snows come and bury the earth, making it difficult for our feathered friends to find their food. Birds at that season need protection.

## TO STOP HOLIDAY SHOOTING

Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Would Have State Pheasant Law Amended

Because of the situation in Massachusetts growing out of the great slaughter of pheasants during the last open season, and the fact that Columbus Day, a holiday, was one of the days included in the time permitted by law for shooting pheasants, while not at all endorsing the practice of shooting for pleasure, the Directors of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at their January meeting, unanimously passed the following resolution presented by a committee, of which Mr. Winthrop Packard was chairman:

*Resolved:* That, inasmuch as the present law covering the open season for pheasants did not work out during its first year in accord with the expectations of the framers of said law in that the destruction of pheasants proved to be greatly in excess of expectation, the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals urge that the date of the open season be changed from the present October 12-November 12, to October 15-November 15, thus eliminating the holiday.

Furthermore, the Directors urge that efforts be made to require more rigid enforcement of the present law in regard to shooting. We recommend that licensed hunters be obliged to make a sworn statement of game killed each year as a condition to receiving a license on the following year, that hunting licenses be not issued to minors under eighteen years of age, and that hunting upon private property, whether posted or not, may be only permissible when the hunter has secured the written consent of the owner upon penalty of revocation of license.

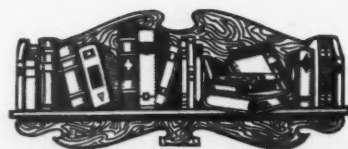
## REMEMBER THE BIRDS

The moment the ground is covered with snow the birds' claim is established. Then these friends who work so faithfully for us, destroying all sorts of grubs and bugs, and insect pests are largely deprived of their regular feeding grounds. Build some sort of platform high enough to protect it from cats and, morning by morning, scatter on it seeds, hay chaff, bread crumbs, and any waste scraps from the table. Hang up on the trees also pieces of suet, or a beef or lamb bone. If the platform isn't feasible, cover the window-sill with food, or sweep away a place on the ground and provide them food while the snow lasts. In the country, especially if the winter is long and hard, the quail and pheasants should be regularly supplied with grain. We are glad that the Boy Scouts are doing such fine work in many sections in this direction.

F.H.R.



THE GREEN HERON



## In the Editor's Library

THE PET BOOK, Anna Botsford Comstock.

Every keeper of pets, whether for pleasure or profit, could make good use of this handy volume. It commends itself especially to children into whose lives and loves pet animals or fishes or birds are such important factors.

It shows them the proper way to take care of their dependents that have been removed from their natural elements; how they should be housed and their quarters properly cared for; what, when, and how to feed them that they may be kept healthy and happy and lovable.

The author has made it her particular aim to tell children how to treat the more uncommon pets, the wild creatures they bring into their homes and, through ignorance of the needs of their captives, thus wrongfully subject to short and miserable lives. This information is given in response to an insistent call from teachers of nature-study and from Boy Scouts and others.

The book covers seventy subjects and is beautifully illustrated with 117 half-tones, and a four-color frontispiece of parrots by Fuertes.

310 pp. \$2.50 net. The Comstock Publishing Company, Ithaca, New York.

HOOF AND CLAW, Charles G. D. Roberts.

No one reading the books of Mr. Roberts could fail of being brought nearer to nature thereby and into a closer acquaintance with all her creatures. His knowledge of the "children of the wild" is extensive; it is wonderful. His short sketches of animals which tell also of their haunts and habits, the humorous and tragic experiences which befall them, are related as by one who understands the very feelings and impulses that exist beneath the shaggy coats of all his fascinating four-footed characters.

The present volume of stories treats of the bear, buffalo, wolf, mountain sheep, owl, mink, fisher, and many others of that great family whose home is the wilderness. To know more about them means to have more sympathy and greater consideration for all animal life.

291 pp. \$1.35, net. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE GREAT SMALL CAT, AND OTHERS, May E. Southworth.

In these stories the reader is introduced to a great variety of cats and convinced beyond peradventure that cats are like human beings and that to be loved or hated they must be known individually. There are "The Great Small Cat," the black stray whose mother-love caused her to brave the river's waters; "Aida and Saadi," twin blue-blooded aristocrats; "Maida," the Maltese mother-cat who adopted a brood of white rats; "Jimmie Christmas," the tramp cat who intermittently sought the wild; the shanghaied cat; and the miner's cat. The author knows her cats uncannily and translates them for the reader into the vernacular in a most convincing manner. The volume is handsomely bound in brown Alhambra boards.

Mounted pictures reproduce photographs of the feline heroes and heroines and there are clever decorations by Pedro J. Lemos.

123 pp. \$1.25, net. Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco.

Kindness is a language that even the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand.



## BEES KNEW HUMANE FARMER

By O. W. HEATH



**F**RED Smith, a Cadillac, Michigan, resident, has always been known as a thrifty, industrious farmer of the kind that believes his horse is no stronger than himself and that all animals physically are no more fit to stand abuse than is the man who abuses them. He is, in a word, a humane farmer, and withal an industrious and prudent one who realizes the profits of good treatment toward his dumb beasts.

A year ago the Smith farm presented a most up-to-date appearance. Every device known in the proper care and comfort of stock was installed on the place and the farmer found that it paid. Everything was made as clean and sanitary as it could be, and the result was that Fred Smith became firmly convinced that the dumb animals under his care appreciated his every attention. However, there was one thing he had overlooked.

On this farm there were many hives of bees, which had proved to be a very good source of profit when the honey was taken every fall. Two winters ago a disease of some sort spread among the hives and the following spring not a bee remained alive. Then for the first time, Farmer Smith's attention was drawn to the bee-hives.

They were very dirty and looked like decidedly unhealthy quarters for even a bee to inhabit. Smith looked carefully around at the rest of his fine farm equipment and wondered if the bees could have died from lack of care or from poor housing conditions.

"A bee is only a bee," pondered Farmer Smith to himself, "but then maybe he'd be better off and make more honey in a clean, healthy hive. Maybe I should have looked after my bees. Perhaps they would have been alive today."

The bees were all dead, not one remained, but nevertheless as Smith ruminated he began an inspection of the hives and soon found himself unconsciously cleaning them, hardly knowing why he did it, except that it should have been done before. He cleaned, repaired and painted each hive.

In the autumn the hives were modern, sanitary, little bee houses, but they had no tenants. Smith didn't seem to care particularly about that. He felt conscience clear just because the houses were clean and fit to live in, even though there were no tenants. Early last spring the houses were still to let, and when Smith improved his barns and stock sheds, he also painted the bee hives once more. Why he did, he didn't know.

One noonday, while the Smith family were seated at dinner, they heard many bees swarming. They rushed out of doors and saw that the air in the vicinity of the hives was fairly black with bees, swarming, fighting for a chance to enter the newly painted houses. Whose bees they were was a mystery, but they took possession of the hives and there they evidently intend to remain.

"Yes, sir," asserted Smith, when telling of it, "I want to tell you that a bee knows when he is getting the right treatment. Let me assure you that I believe in bees when they show me that they believe in me."

Be like the bird, pausing in his flight  
Awhile on boughs too slight,  
Feels them give way beneath him, and  
yet sings,  
Knowing that he has wings.

VICTOR HUGO.



By permission of the Brooklyn Museum and courtesy of Home Progress

## SOUTH GEORGIA SHAGS AT THEIR NEST ON A LEDGE OVER THE SEA

## FEAR

By ARTHUR C. TOWNSEND

"The Lord pitieth them that fear him." Psalms  
103:13.

A shivering birdling on the sand,  
Untimely fallen from the nest;  
I took it up with tender hand,  
To place it 'neath its mother's breast.  
I felt its heart affrighted bound,  
It voiced its terror with a cry,  
It leaped and fluttered to the ground,  
And hid behind a bush near by.

Next morn I found its body there,  
Cold dew upon its unfledged wing;  
The bird I'd vainly sought to spare  
Would never nest nor soar nor sing.

Had it but known that I was kind,  
It might have lived a joyous year;  
But sharing not the larger mind,  
It perished through protective fear.

When God looks down on armies slain,  
Perhaps he drops a pitying tear,  
That, using but the birdling brain,  
Men perish from protective fear.

## THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM

A nightingale, that all day long  
Had cheered the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel—as well he might—  
The keen demands of appetite;  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied, far off, upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;  
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him thus, quite eloquent:  
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,  
"As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song;  
For 'twas the self-same Power divine  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard this short oration,  
And warbled out his approbation,  
Released him, as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## AN EDITOR'S INTEREST IN BIRDS

From the editor of the local newspaper in Silver Creek, Nebraska, comes this interesting letter:  
January 4, 1915.

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

In the first place, I wish to offer an apology to *Our Dumb Animals*. I have read it for many years with interest, but failed to appreciate its great work until recently. I always had an idea that it was on the sentimentalist idea, if you know what I mean by that, and gave little heed to it as a practical teacher and conservationist of one of the most useful portions of our bird life from an economical standpoint. Now don't get the idea that that is my only idea of the value of your teachings, but I find that the practical is the best road to reach the ideal.

To illustrate, many of our farmers are engaged in conserving bird life now, who could in no way have been induced to do so had they not discovered that it meant dollars and cents to them. In our little community last October, thirty-nine farmers, owning or controlling not less than 12,000 acres of land in this vicinity, published a notice in my paper, the *Silver Creek Sand*, forbidding hunting on their lands. In the same issue I printed a little article regarding the step taken by these farmers.

Now I am seeking to interest them further in the matter. For instance, to one of these men who has an acre or so of land lying along a creek bottom where birds flock to drink, I suggested that he sow hemp or flax just for the birds. To such spots that gentle bird, known to us as the turtle dove, always gathers in flocks. I am also suggesting the building by others of birds' nests.

A few years ago this country was mostly barren prairie, but planted trees are plentiful now, and many birds flock here every spring, and thousands of them winter here also. All this winter long, even when snow was deep on the ground and with the thermometer below zero several times, I have heard the welcome call of a pewee in my, or one of my neighbor's trees. I live in a little village where every cottage has its trees, or mostly so unless of late construction or occupancy as a home. I was very much interested in your mention of the Brush Hill Bird Club of Milton, Massachusetts, in the last issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, and hope to get their booklet and see if our community cannot profit by it. D. F. DAVIS.

## THE ENGLISH ROBIN

See yon robin on the spray;  
Look ye how his tiny form  
Swells, as when his merry lay  
Gushes forth amid the storm.

Though the snow is falling fast,  
Specking o'er his coat with white,—  
Though loud roars the chilly blast,  
And the evening's lost in night,—

Yet from out the darkness dreary  
Cometh still that cheerful note;  
Praiseful aye, and never weary,  
Is that little warbling throat.

Thank him for his lesson's sake,  
Thank God's gentle minstrel there,  
Who, when storms make others quake,  
Sings of days that brighter were.

HARRISON WEIR.

## THE SQUIRREL'S FROLIC

By MARY F. SCOTT



SOME time ago our beautiful Washington Park, in Albany, New York, was made the home of numberless gray squirrels; as it was thought it would provide a fine home for them, and, also, exert a humanizing influence on the frequenters of the park.

It did both.

The home was enjoyed with all a squirrel's zest and happiness, and the nuts consumed were numberless. But—like the human family—they pined for a change. The beauty of the park palled, and as a consequence some of them became wanderers into all sections of the city.

Everyone was kind to them. The kiddies would not harm them, and woe to a cat who trailed them. A stone was its portion.

Several of the little animals congregated in my neighborhood. By dint of coaxing and calling they would come for their nuts, which they ate with evident relish.

Now the story that follows may read like a "fish story," but it is the absolute truth, and was witnessed by me from my window.

It was a clear, cold, sunshiny Sunday, Winter giving us a foretaste of Spring. The air went to the squirrels' heads like wine; they ran and cavorted, their little bodies skimming over the ground with lightning-like rapidity. Soon cats appeared on the scene. A squirrel dinner appealed to them. The little squirrel, to whom I had just thrown a nut, was approached stealthily by a cat. Just as the cat was about to pounce on him the squirrel turned his head.

Did he run? He did not.

But started pell-mell after the cat, who, astounded at the turn events had taken, turned tail and ran, with the squirrel in hot pursuit. The squirrel won out, for catching up with the cat he bit him viciously on the leg, and the cat was seen no more that day.

Then my cat, a handsome fellow, hungered for a bite. When I saw his big head appear over the fence my heart almost stood still.

But what of the squirrel?

One disdainful look at Mistis and Bobbie jumped on his back and sat there quite a few seconds. Mistis waited not on the order of his going, but beat an undignified retreat. Another cat that approached one met with a funny reception. The little squirrel hurled his body against the cat, nearly knocking him down. That cat was amongst the "also rans."

This incident might not be repeated in a lifetime, but while it lasted it afforded a rare treat to the onlookers, to see little squirrels pitted against big cats.

And win out!



A PROUD DRIVER AND HIS DOG EXPRESS

## The American Band of Mercy

Founded by Geo. T. Angell and Rev. Thos. Timmins

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT and L. H. GUYOL, State Organizers

PLEDGE: "I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and address of the president:

1. *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

Abbeville, Louisiana: Abbeville School, 7.

Kaplan, Louisiana: Kaplan.

Montello, Wisconsin: Sunny Flats.

Farmington, Minnesota: Farmington.

Rison, Arkansas: Epworth League.

Boise, Idaho: Schools, 13.

Idabel, Oklahoma: Idabel.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 94,875.

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and twenty-nine new Bands of Mercy were reported in December, of which 143 were in schools of Massachusetts, 109 in schools of Rhode Island, 20 in schools of Maine, and 16 in schools of New Hampshire. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

## Schools in Massachusetts

Boston: John Winthrop, 7; Nathaniel Hawthorne, 9; Howard Ave., 6; Benedict Fenwick, 4; Quincy Dickerman, 7; Minot, 9; Walnut St., 7; Rosewood St. Portable; Edmund P. Tileston, 13; Martha A. Baker, 4; Bowditch, 12; Hillside, 6; Margaret Fuller, 5; Jefferson, 16; Chestnut Ave., 3; Old Agassiz, 5; Agassiz, 14.

Worcester: East Kendall St., 15.

## Schools in Maine

Arrowsic: Public.  
Bath: Hardings.  
Five Islands: Five Islands; Grammar.  
Georgetown: Riggsville.  
Kents Hill: Kents Hill; Sanderson.  
Portland: North.  
Temple: Baptist S. S.  
Turner: Baptist S. S., 7.  
Wiscasset: Montweag Baptist S. S., 3.  
Woolwich: School No. 6.

## Schools in New Hampshire

Concord: St. Mary's; Sacred Heart, 5; St. John's, 5; Cogwell, 2; Eastman, 3.  
Richford, Vermont: Maple Leaf.

## Schools in Rhode Island

Exeter: Acadia; Millville.  
North Providence: Greystone, 4.  
Pawtucket: Central Ave., 11; East St., 4; Brook St., 2; Grove St., 16.  
Providence: Berkshire St., 10; Friendship St., 4; Bellevue Ave., 4; Rochambeau Ave. Grammar, 9; Federal St. Grammar, 15; Willard Ave., 4; Lexington Ave. Grammar, 15.  
Richmond: Bell; Wyoming; Plainville Grammar, 2; Centre.  
Smithfield: Esmond Grammar, 4.

## Schools in Connecticut

Buckland: Buckland, 2.  
Wapping: Wapping, 4.  
West Hartford: West.  
New Haven, Connecticut: Sincere.  
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania: Love of Feathers and Fur, 2.  
West Hoboken, New Jersey: West Hoboken No. 3.  
Anderson, South Carolina: Greeley School, 2; Ridge St. School, 2.

## A LETTER ABOUT GOATS

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

I was much interested in the account, with illustration, in one of your recent issues, of a pretty little goat that had been provided with a home by the agent of the S. P. C. A. If people only realized what perfect pets for children these kids make, they would be in much greater demand. They neither bite, scratch nor kick, and become so attached to their owner that they will follow him like a dog. They are brimful of play all the time. Many are hornless but if horned and properly trained, they will not butt except in play. They are an exceedingly cleanly animal and very inexpensive to feed. Most families throw away enough vegetables, bread crusts, etc., to feed a full-grown goat. The cuttings from the lawn and weeds from the garden make excellent summer rations, while a little oats and hay will carry them over the winter.

If the goat is a "wether" it can easily be broken to drive to a wagon and will prove a source of endless enjoyment for the children.

If more practical results are preferred, purchase a doe kid and when she gets past the playful age, she will, if of the right breed, become a producer of the purest, richest and most health-giving milk that it is possible to obtain, and almost without cost. At present I have eleven goats and they are all pets. I find the care of them exceedingly interesting and their milk has proven of greater benefit in serious stomach trouble than the expensive doctoring of years. For infants deprived of nature's supply, or children suffering from mal-nutrition, it is without an equal.

The goat has been much abused and misrepresented. Give it a chance; with humane treatment it will respond nobly and prove a blessing.

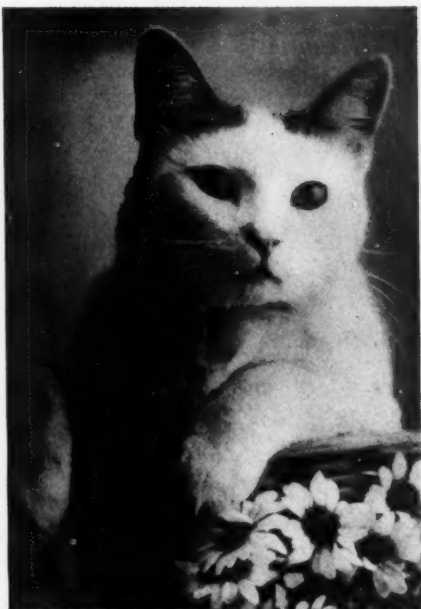
FRED C. LOUNSBURY,  
Plainfield, N. J.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## THE STORY OF AN OFFICE CAT

Something That Really Happened

By GERTRUDE CUSHING



**T**HIS is the story of a pussy cat who lived in an office building in Boston.

She was a great favorite with all the men in the office and if she wanted to walk about on the desks the clerks did not try to prevent her. Sometimes she touched the end of a pen-handle with her soft paw but no one scolded; so she grew very fond of the desks and often took her naps there.

One morning one of the young men came into the office, opened his big book and reached as usual for his pen, but it was not in its place. In fact there was

not a pen or pencil where he had left them.

So he called the office boy and said, "Michael, where are my pens and pencils?"

Michael stopped his work in great surprise. "Sure I don't know, sir," he said. "I haven't touched them."

And then began a great search, for not only were the pen and pencils gone from this desk but they were gone from all the desks. And they couldn't be found.

No one thought of asking Miss Pussy, and yet there she sat all the time, purring contentedly.

About an hour later, Michael went to the cellar and at the foot of the stairs he stepped on a hard lump which almost caused him to stumble. He stooped and felt around, and there under an old piece of carpet were all the pencils and pens that the night before had been left in their places in the office.

How did they get there?

Well, Michael was the one who found out. At night after every one had gone home, he sat down quietly in a dark corner to watch.

Pretty soon along came Miss Pussy. Up she jumped onto a desk and between her teeth she took one of the long pencils. Then she jumped to the floor and trotted busily to the cellar door and disappeared. Michael waited quietly in his corner.

After a few minutes she came back and did the same thing again. Four times Michael saw this done; then he followed her, creeping softly down the stairs until he was near enough to see her little form as she dropped the pen onto the floor beside the piece of carpet.

Then he saw her lie down on her side, and raising the edge of the carpet push the handle under with her paw. She had to *push* and *push* to get it as far under as she wanted it, and she had to make eight or ten trips from office to cellar before all the pens and pencils were safely hidden.

Night after night she repeated this performance, for as no harm was done, she was allowed to amuse herself in this way.

## THE SNOW MAN

Look! how the clouds are flying south!  
The winds pipe loud and shrill!  
And high above the white drift stands  
The snow man on the hill.

Blow, wild winds from the icy north!  
Here's one who will not fear  
To feel thy coldest touch or shirk  
Thy loudest blast to hear.



Photo by Robert S. Walker

Proud triumph of the schoolboy's skill!  
Far rather would I be  
A winter giant, ruling o'er  
A frosty realm, like thee,

And stand amid the drifted snow,  
Like thee a thing apart,  
Than be a man who walks with men  
But has a frozen heart!

—DOUGLAS.

## AN OLD SCOTCH ADAGE

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse,  
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man,  
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,  
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle,  
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak-tree.

## BATHING HABITS OF BIRDS AND BEASTS

Pigeons, larks and cockatoos like their baths in the rain. Game birds and poultry take dust baths. The common sparrow likes a dry shampoo in the dust and a plunge bath in the water. Reptiles soak themselves; elephants daub their calves with mud, then wash it off. Rhinoceroses, buffaloes, dogs, bears, and tigers like to wallow; the equine tribe favor a roll in the sand; cats, mice and their respective relatives lick themselves clean; bats lick and scratch, and it is said that the continual scratching of monkeys is not so much in the search of parasites as a kind of self-currying.





### GREAT DANE WEARS MOTTO

This interesting picture shows Miss L. J. Brooks, president of the Annie L. Lowry Band of Mercy, Philadelphia, and "Princess Toots" with the "Be Kind to Animals" motto pinned on her collar. Princess Toots, who belongs to Mr. John F. Cozens of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., is a fawn-colored Siberian Great Dane, three years, one month old. She weighs 148 lbs., is 71 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, 30½ inches high at shoulder, and the only Dane being shown with her ears not cropped. She has taken seventeen ribbons (twelve blue, four reds, one yellow), and three special prizes. Mr. Cozens has had her since she was five weeks old, raised her on the bottle, and as a watch-dog she has no equal. He has refused \$1200 for her and says he would refuse \$12,000. He is placing \$1500 insurance on her. He has some forty chickens, three cats and another dog, all of which can run all over Toots and she won't touch them.

Efforts are being made to boost membership in the Annie Lowry Band to the 2000 mark.

### BEEES DID GOOD WORK LAST YEAR

California bee-keepers have completed gathering the 1914 honey crop. According to the bureau of crop estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture, the yield per colony of bees was 75 pounds. In 1913 the production per hive was 36 pounds. The increased production is said to be due to the enormous crop of wild and cultivated flowers last season.

### TO BUYERS OF HORSES

In order to prevent fraud and deception in the sale of horses, the Boston Work-Horse Relief Association has made the following contract with certain leading dealers:—

They will sell a horse "worth the money" to any person recommended by us, and in case of any dispute arising from the sale, they will abide by our decision.

No charge is made for this service. Apply at the office of the Association, 15 Beacon Street, Room 27.

Our own Society always stands ready to assist the inexperienced in purchasing horses.

### THE OWL

The Owl blinks gravely at the full moon's rise, Serenely stupid, or sedately wise.

He shrieks strange riddles to the 'wildered Night, None but himself can answer to aright.

In gloomy grandeur, with his gray-robed mate, Lord of the Solitude, he reigns in state.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

### WHY GIVE FOR HUMANE WORK?

The wiser, the kindlier, and the more far-seeing among us, will give liberally to the support of every institution, every movement that has for its work humane, heart-training, so that there will be less need for the last resorts, so that in coming time prevention will take the place of distress and suffering. It is simply a stirring of thought that is needed. Practically all cases of cruelty and ill-usage, and all careless treatment, arise through thoughtlessness, or have at least their beginnings in thoughtlessness.

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

### RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR DECEMBER, 1914

Hereafter, unless requested to print the full name, or for some other special reason, we shall acknowledge gifts in *Our Dumb Animals* only by the initials of the giver.

Request of J. Nelson Trask (additional), \$70.

#### Members and Donors

J. F. M., \$40; J. L. P., \$15; Miss K. S., \$10; E. H. G., \$10; Norton Co., \$10; Mrs. M. G. R., \$10; Mrs. J. H., \$10; K. C. in A. C., \$7; Miss E. S., \$4; A. E. H., \$3; Mrs. M. A. P., \$1.25.

#### FIVE DOLLARS EACH

Miss M. J. S., "A friend," J. H. S., Miss M. P. S., Mrs. C. B. G., C. J. N., Miss B. H. S., G. R., J. J., Miss H. I. T., R. F. & F. W. T., Miss M. H. C., Mrs. S. A. L., Miss H. G., P. C. C., Mrs. J. H. S., A. McA., Miss L. P., C. E. M.

#### TWO DOLLARS EACH

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